

*The Historie*

Coosen on wednesday next our counsell we wil hold  
At Windfore, so informe the Lords:  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.

*West.* I will my liege. *Exeunt.*

*Enter prince of Wales, and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Falst.* Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon benches  
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaunde that truelie  
which thou wouldest truelie knowe. What a diuell hast thou to  
do with the time of the daie? vnles houres were cups of sacke,  
and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and  
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunne  
himselke a faire hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no  
reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demaunde the  
time of the day.

*Falst.* Indeepe you come neere me nowe *Hal*, for wee that  
take purses go by the moone and the seuen stars, and not by  
*Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethe sweet  
wag when thou art a king, as God saue thy grace: maielike I  
should say, for grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What none?

*Falst.* No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-  
logue to an egge and butter.

*Prim.* Wel, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Falst.* Marry then sweet wag, when thou art king let not vs  
that are squiers of the nights bodie, bee called theeues of the  
daies beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* forresters, gentlemen of the  
shade, minions of the moone, and let men say wee be men of  
good gouernement, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste mistresse the moone, vnder whose countenance  
we steale.

*Prince.* Thou saiest well, and it holds wel to, for the fortune  
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,  
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now  
a purse

*of Henrie the fourth.*

a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Munday night and  
most dissolutely spent on tuesday morning, got with swearing,  
lay by and spent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe  
as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the  
ridge of the gallows.

*Falst.* By the Lord thou saist true lad, and is not my hostesse  
of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

*Prim.* As the hony of *Hbla* my old lad of the castle, and is  
not a buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Falst.* How now, how nowe mad wag, what in thy quips  
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe  
Ierkin?

*Prince.* Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hostesse of  
the tauerne?

*Falst.* Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Falst.* No, ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*Prim.* Yea and else where, so far as my coine would stretch,  
and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

*Falst.* Yea, and so vs'd it that were it not here apparant that  
thou art heire apparant. But I prethe sweet wag, shall there be  
gallowes standing in England when thou art king? and reso-  
lution thus subd as it is with the rusty curbe of olde father An-  
ticke the law, do not thou when thou art king hang a theefe?

*Prince.* No, thou shalt.

*Falst.* Shall I? Or are I by the Lord ile be a braue iudge.

*Prim.* Thou iudget false already, I meane thou shalt haue  
the hanging of the theeues, and so become a rare hangman.

*Falst.* Well *Hall* well, and in some sort it iumpes with my  
humour, as well as waighting in the Count I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suites?

*Falst.* Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the hangman  
hath no leane wardrob. Zbloud I am as melancholy as a gyb  
Cat, or a luge beare.

*Prim.* Or an old lyon, or a londers Lute.

*Falst.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Prince.* What saiest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of  
Mooreditch?